

# THE COLLEGIAN



*St. Joseph's College*

COLLEGEVILLE INDIANA



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## *THE FOREST IN WINTER*

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Idly o'er dead rustling leaves I roam,  
Through the sibilant moss and oozing loam;  
Richer than a path of opal stone  
Is the trail that leads through the forest zone.

In a flood of ecstasy enthralled,  
To the droning fugues of this lair walled  
I give ear; and look and drink my fill;  
Never to forget that enchanting thrill.

Silhouetted 'gainst the somber sky  
Starving ravens and dropping crows wing by;  
Crooning in dolorous notes their caws,  
As wearily their flapping pinions pause.

All the twigs are cased in icy coats,  
Yet they sing a song that merrily floats  
And pleases more than shimmering rill  
Of brook; or the cry of the whippoorwill.

H. Linenberger '29



## *IDIOSYNCRASIES IN AFFECTION*

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"Never wise head yet was without warm heart," says Thomas Carlyle. There is no valid reason to take exception to the statement made by the rough-and-ready essayist whose opinion has been quoted for what it is worth. But the warm heart that is said to be connected very usually to a wise head may at times give manifestation of that warmth in surprising idiosyncrasies. There is no disputing about tastes, and the same may be said with equal truth about the display of affection. Without an abundance of affection, a man is a mere selfish aristocrat; with it—unless proper training be his—he may unwittingly descend to the pranks of a flapdoodle.

Examples might be adduced above number to illustrate the meaning of idiosyncrasy in affection, but inasmuch as space will allow mentioning but a few, only such as are typical will be considered. Is it possible, for instance, that any bit of conduct could be more amazing than that of King William who is surnamed the Conqueror in history, who upon his very first meeting with his future wife and consort, Emma, seized her in his arms and roughly hurled her to the ground as a mark of his noble affection for her? What else, however, could Emma reasonably expect at the hands of William? She could not fail to know that his father was popularly known as Duke Robert the Devil, and that his mother, Arletta, had no more refinement than what could come to her in the home of a tanner of bark and hides. That William should have a good deal of the Duke and a large share of the tanner in his mental makeup is precisely what might be expected. Perhaps this

odd mixture in him accounts for his singular show of affection.

Old Titus Livius in his history of Rome relates that a certain ferocious Tullia regarded it as a proper mark of affection for her husband, Tarquin the Proud, to drive her chariot back and forth over the body of her dying father whom Tarquin had slain. Of course it might be urged that this act on the part of Tullia was merely an outcropping of her ferocious disposition, and that hatred for her father impelled her to commit this dastard outrage. But the fact that she kept up the disgusting show and exulted in her impiety because her wicked husband applauded her is sufficient evidence that she was actuated by a bizarre affection for him who encouraged her in this unseemly conduct.

Who would look for affection in a Prussian King anyway? Yet it is reliably recorded of Frederick William I of Prussia—he who was given to using his huge walking-cane quite ruthlessly on the backs of his ministers and servants—that he entertained such a peculiar affection for his Queen that he feared separation from her even in death. To forestall what to him appeared to be a real calamity, his biographers report that he purchased two magnificent coffins and had them brought to the royal palace while he and his Queen were still alive. To make sure that she would like what was to be her resting place after death, he constrained her to lie in the coffin designed for her in order that she might get used to it. Whether she ever got used to the peculiar affection of her royal husband anymore than she got used to the coffin remains a question.

How a real cranky affection may become powerful enough to bring sore distress to its object is exemplified in the conduct of Henry VIII of Eng-

land. To keep in particular two out of his six Queens, namely, Ann Boleyn and Catherine Howard, from making themselves utterly hateful to himself, he had them beheaded. By thus putting them out of the way, he felt sure that they could never become rude enough to abuse his noble, royal, and powerful affection.

Really it is enough to stagger the belief of anybody if he is told of the exorbitantly bizarre show of affection which the Hindoos in past ages exhibited towards their chief idol. When the clumsy and rather heavy carriage known as the Juggernaut in which the great idol was carried about made its way through the streets of Hindoo towns, it was customary for extreme devotees to prostrate themselves before it and have themselves crushed to death under its wheels in the hope that this queer declaration of affection would work their spiritual good. It is to the everlasting credit of the English that they put an end to this more than marvelously foolish manifestation of affection.

After contemplating these instances of "passing strange and wonderful" eccentricities in affection, it will be a relief to anyone to turn for a moment to the consideration of avowals of esteem and love that are more genteel in character, though somewhat of the odd and queer may still cleave to them. To discover instances of this variety it will only be necessary to turn to the long list of authors in the history of literature. In this list every species of affection from grave to gay, from light to fantastic is readily ascertained.

There are men of letters whose writings have come down to the present time, whose ears were so nicely attuned that they fell to raving about the gods speaking "in the breath of the woods, and in the



leaves of the shaken pine," and others who sought "to speak for every no-tongued leaf;" again there are those who said, "I celebrate myself and sing myself." Now it is not in place to quarrel with masters in letters as to the mood or affection which they choose to express in their writings; for it is their right "to soar aloft on wings and plumes of high desire," if they feel inclined to do so. If, on the other hand, some defend the right for themselves to desire "to live aside of the road and to be a friend to man," well, who will dare to take exception to their caprice?

When, however, an author, and that, too, one of the highest rank in the domain of letters digresses from the normal manner in avowing affections, there are reasons at least for some degree of surprise. An author of this kind was the celebrated Dante, he of Florence, who wrote the stupenduous "Divina Commedia." That in general Dante's show of affection took a normal course is borne out by the way in which he exhibits esteem and love for his great master, Virgil. The same normal attitude in affection he manifests toward the other poets of renown with whom he places himself on Parnassus as "the sixth amid so learned a band." But he appears in altogether a different emotional attitude toward Beatrice. She never really entered into his life as an associate or even as an acquaintance; the mere sight of her alone exerted an influence on him of a kind that put a streak into his emotions such as will make any reader of the incident smile, quite as it made Beatrice smile also.

In his work entitled "The New Life" the eccentricity of the particular emotion that he experienced upon seeing Beatrice for the first time is recorded by Dante himself. In the same work he mentions that a journey undertaken by Beatrice left

him sore distraught and lonely, and that he could not work or enjoy anything in life until she returned. The most amusing and peculiar side of his feelings toward her, however, became evident when he happened to come unawares into the company of young people where the unexpected sight of her so affected him that he grew pale and trembled, and showed such signs of mortal illness that his friends grew much alarmed and quickly led him away. The cause of his confusion was not apparent to all the company; hence the ladies mocked him. Beatrice alone had some understanding of what it all meant, and it gave her considerable annoyance that she should be the occasion of such strange demeanor on the part of so great a personage. In the following lines Dante recounts the impressions made by her singular influence upon his emotions:

“—for when she goes away  
Love casts a blight upon all caitiff hearts,  
So that their very thought doth freeze and perish;  
And who can bear to stay on her to look,  
Will noble thing become or else will die.  
And who finds that he may worthy be  
To look on her, he doth his virtue prove.”

To entertain an affection for some one similar to that which is expressed in the lines here quoted without ever having spoken a word to that person appears most idiosyncratic. Be that, however, as it may; that people might think of his affection for Beatrice as being foolish did not deter Dante from declaring to all the world that the affection did exist, and he emphasizes the fact by stating on the occasion of her death “that he will write of her what has never yet been written of any woman.”

The fact is well known that Dante considered Beatrice largely as an abstraction, and as such she



was to his mind a representation of the loftiest grace that can come to man, but the grotesque form that his emotions assume does not show itself when he is merely thinking of her, but rather—and that is the amazing and singular side of it all—when he comes into her actual presence. Beatrice was a real woman who lived and with her presence graced the noble city of the Arno, and it was she who, as a real person and not as an abstraction, gave occasion to the otherwise serious and grave Dante to become the victim of a remarkably idiosyncratic affection.

In no degree less queer and unusual than was the affection of Dante for Beatrice, is the emotional attachment of Petrarch for the person whom he so gallantly celebrates in his numerous poems under the name of Laura. One need but note in these poems in what exceeding extravagance of speech the author tries to visualize the beauty and charm which he believed to be inherent in the person whom he had chosen as a paragon of perfection to realize that he has become thoroughly capricious and wayward in the showing of his affection. It is doubtful if the characteristics of any other woman in all literature have been analysed in such minute detail as has been done by Petrarch in reference to Laura. Her hands, feet, hair, eyes, ears, nose, and throat—all are depicted in a most glowing and appreciative fashion.

That Petrarch's emotions in regard to Laura had become thoroughly idiosyncratic is evident from the superlative adjectives that he showers upon her without measure or number. There is no stopping for thought or discrimination on his part; a real storm of impulsive emotion has seized upon him and bears down all in its path. What appears most unexplainable and peculiar in this attitude of Petrarch towards

Laura is the fact that he was much inferior to her in social position, and that she was a most devoted and faithful wife to her husband, a circumstance that did not even allow her to think of bestowing favors on anyone else.

Many other instances of idiosyncrasies in affection similar to those that have been noted in these pages might be enumerated. The several instances, moreover, that have been taken into account may not be the most interesting or outstanding of their kind, yet they will serve to indicate sufficiently that the singular, the queer, the grotesque in affection may be found in persons in whose lives the existence of anything odd or abnormal might least be suspected.

F. Rehberger '29

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### SCHOOL DAYS

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O joyful days that come but once  
To fill each youthful heart with glee!  
Recall the time when we did come  
To study with your company.

Did years change you, ye sunny days?  
Ah no! We still do you adore.  
And since you do not change your ways,  
We can but love you more and more.

O times! O timse! O lovely times!  
If only you could stay fore'er,  
And never bring to us old age  
And all its undesired care.

Some years have passed, and yet you're here,  
Ye times of joy and earthly bliss!  
O stay with us that we may e'er  
Enjoy your youthful heav'nliness.

Marcellus M. Dreiling, '30



*GEORGE WASHINGTON*

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On broad Potomac's scenic shore,  
There came to light a lad care-free;  
'Twas he that here the hatchet bore  
That felled his father's cherry tree.

His mind was keen as blade of steel;  
In him was pluck with fate to vie;  
His love for truth he did reveal  
When saying, "Dad, I cannot lie."

And when he was to manhood grown,  
He proved his love for liberty  
That was so deeply in him sown  
By fighting for it manfully.

He boldly shook a despot's throne;  
Then called to life a nation grand;  
For it he fought and strove alone  
To place it safe in freedom's hand.

And as a token for this gift,  
Art to his fame no aid hath lent;  
For art no higher can him lift:  
His country is his monument.

Spalding Miles '30

## THAT GOOD OAK TREE

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If there is one symbol that has been used more than any other to represent earnest, stalwart, manly courage and virtue, that symbol surely is the one in which the oak tree is used as an illustrative example. Towering above the other trees of the forest, the oak tree appears ready to take all the punishment which unruly atmospheric elements might choose to inflict, quite as if inferior vegetation were unworthy of entering into any of the desperate struggles with heat and cold, with storm and lightning.

To make a clear impression on the mind of the mightiness and strength of the great oak tree, writers and speakers who make reference to it usually bring this tree into contrast with the squash; for the sprawling and craven growth of the rather useless squash suggests to the minds of readers or listeners all those qualities that are worthy of contempt. That both oak tree and squash are perfectly content to let each other alone and really have no more relationship that have canary birds and crocodiles makes no difference to speakers and writers; they will have the comparison or contrast, whichever they choose to make it, and that settles the question.

Of course the oak tree stands high in man's esteem for there is hardly any other tree whose timber has such a wide range of usefulness in the various departments of human industry, as has the wood of just this particular tree. The extensive usefulness of its timber, however, does not necessarily comprise all the service that an oak tree can give, as the following story in which this kind of tree especially gave great service to one of the truly

renowned presidents of the United States will amply demonstrate.

During the presidency of John Adams, in 1797, when the White House was under construction, it so happened that a certain Davy Hoban, a crippled old man, made his way to the new city of Washington. Besides his little carpet bag that contained all his earthly belongings, he carried two oak saplings which had been given him by a kindly old farmer with whom he had taken lodging over the preceding night. Upon giving him the trees, the farmer earnestly besought old Davy Hoban to plant them carefully in some safe place in the new capital city.

When old Davy arrived at Washington, he found little else in what was to be the capital city of the United States but forest land and, of course, trees in such plenty that he began to feel real foolish for taking the pains to carry mere sprouts with himself for the sake of planting them in a locality where trees were to be cut down in order to make room for buildings. For a time he was minded to throw the saplings away, but recalling to mind the kind treatment that he had received at the hands of the good and hospitable farmer, he resolved to carry out the desires of one whom he considered to be a real friend.

The only spot in the new capital where a young tree might be wanted was the recently cleared plot of ground upon which the White House was being built; hence it was to that place that old Davy Hoban now directed his steps. As good luck would have it, President John Adams happened to be on the grounds. Hobbling up to the President old Davy made known to him the peculiar wish of the farmer and asked for permission to plant the young oaks near the future residence of the presidents. John Adams quite



good-naturedly gave his permission; and Davy Hoban, anxious to comply with the wish of his friend, the kindly farmer, proceeded to plant the young oaks, one on each side of a walk that led to a pretty little artificial lake in which was placed a beautiful marble fountain. There the trees grew and promised in time to add glory to the premises of the White House as well as to give shade to those who sought rest and protection from the hot sun on summer days. Unfortunately one of the young trees was very soon so badly injured by a careless workman that it had to be removed, but the other was left to grow undisturbed, and, after a number of years had elapsed, it came to be a grand and stately tree. It was this tree which, as a member of the sturdy oak family, brought credit to all trees of its kind by rendering a very noble and praiseworthy service.

It was in the month of July during the first summer of the great Civil War that President Lincoln, together with his Secretary of War and several other men of official standing, was working on plans to resist the onrush of the Southern armies. As it was oppressively hot, the President and his co-workers left the White House and went to seek the shade of what was then known as the "Good Oak Tree," the same that had been planted by old Davy Hoban more than sixty years ago; for there they could enjoy the cool breeze coming from the lake and fountain. A few rustic chairs had been placed under the tree, and it was on these that President Lincoln and his helpers took their seats while they proceeded to discuss important military operations. During the several hours that were at the disposal of this group of hard thinkers, definite and very practical plans very quickly took shape. President Lincoln was always sure to arrive at some definite conclusions



in the course of his deliberations; for he was an orderly thinker and, as such, made those who assisted him think orderly likewise.

When the work which these men had set to themselves was finished, they turned for a little diversion to rather cheerful conversation. It was a well-known fact to all who had for any length of time associated with President Lincoln that he was a great joker; that his wit had real spice in it, and that his shrewd and sharp turns of thought that could quickly bring out the serious when the ludicrous was looked for; and the ludicrous when the serious was expected, would always prove thrillingly entertaining and highly interesting. Most of the time his face wore a look of sadness, and occasionally even of woe. But the only thing necessary was to touch his nerve of humor; to make an appeal to any deep interest of his heart, and then he shone with an expression all the brighter and the more winning for the clouds that had hung on his brow. .

To bring the great President, their much esteemed boss, to think of matters that would carry his thoughts away from the worries of the campaign the other officials who were present on this occasion began to ply him with queries concerning his early life as a laborer. Somehow that subject did not seem to strike the President's fancy. Suddenly one of the company ventured to ask:

"What, Mr. President, do you recall as the matter which made the most lasting impression on you in the days of your boyhood?"

This question brought out a wide-swinging gesture. President Lincoln's enthusiasm was noticeably stirred. His brow cleared; a smile settled upon his face; his entire form relaxed. Everybody in the

group saw that the President was preparing for a real comfortable chat.

"The most vivid recollection of any and all impressions that came to me in my boyhood days is a well-directed kick given me by a horse. Not only were the marks black and blue, but I was apparently dead for a time."

After giving this answer President Lincoln continued to relate a great number of details connected with the buying and the use of that horse, and at the same time he enumerated the various characteristics which that particular quadruped alone among its kind possessed.

"Were you ever in a real fight, Mr. President?" another of the company proceeded to inquire.

"Yes, I was," replied the President. "It was in connection with my first trip to New Orleans on a flatboat. There was only one other young man with me. The nature of the cargo made it necessary to linger along the coast and do some trading in sugar. One night unexpectedly we were attacked by seven negroes with intent to kill and rob us. We were hurt some in that melee, but we succeeded in driving the negroes from the boat. With our hides somewhat scratched and variously punctured, we cut cable and took to the water. The negroes made no further attempt to follow us; for they had reasons to smell alligators, and that was enough for them."

Gradually other matters were brought out respecting the trip on the flatboat which accidentally led to discussing suits at law. The legal profession had at all times held a deep interest for President Lincoln. He now began to relate stories, anecdotes, and tales, all of which were quite humorous and interesting, but he could never speak of these matters

without citing several legal principles according to Blackstone. Since the renowned name of Blackstone was so very frequently on his lips, the Secretary of War made bold to inquire of him how and in what manner he first came to know of Blackstone's Commentaries?

"Well, you see, it came about in this way," said Mr. Lincoln. "One afternoon while I was engaged in the grocery business a man drove up to the store with a wagon which held his wife, children, and household goods. He asked me if I would give him fifty cent for a barrel or odds and ends, a pan or kettle showing itself on top. I bought the barrel. Upon emptying it, the only thing that proved to be of any account among the rubbish that it contained was an edition of Blackstone's Commentaries. It was summer time, the farmers were busy in the fields, business was dull, and I had scarcely anything to do but to read Blackstone. I became interested, my attention became completely absorbed, I fairly devoured—"

The sharp report of a rifle quickly followed by the dull thud of a bullet as it hit the "Good Oak Tree" startled everybody and put an end to the conversation. A spy of the rebel forces had made his way close up to President Lincoln behind a screen of neighboring trees and shrubbery. As the President leaned forward while discoursing in rather animated terms on the principles of Blackstone, the would-be assassin believed that the chance had come to carry out his evil design. He took a good aim and fired. But President Lincoln was safe. The "Good Oak Tree" had rendered him better service and protection than a host of secret detectives and guardsmen could have done.

If the good and hospitable farmer and his friend,



old Davy Hoban, had still been alive, what joy would not have been theirs to know that by means of the "Good Oak Tree" they had become instrumental in saving the life of one of the greatest of American Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, and that, too, just at a time when the United States most sorely needed the services of this extraordinary and valuable man. If only a "Good Oak Tree" would have spread its gracious shade over the box in Ford's theatre on the terrible evening of April 14th, 1865, the history of the United States would likely present a record totally different from that to which people are accustomed at the present day.

Wm. Pfeifer '30

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### MEMORY'S SHADE

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The huge dark wings of night the earth enfold,  
And beaming stars shed rays of liquid gold  
As stirs the sweet and gentle breeze of thought  
The mellow leaves of memories around;  
The rifts where glows the light of Time abound  
And here unweeting memories lie caught.

I peer at scenes like those where Time's light gleams;  
I hear the distant march of olden dreams;  
I look o'er meadows green of long ago.  
The happy hours—e'en times in sorrow dight,  
My mem'ry holds them now with rare delight  
As one might prize a gold-set cameo.

O memory! thy thousand charms sublime;  
Thy thoughts, thy scenes, thy cheer are always mine:  
Thy echoes old are mine, and mine remain.  
As thy soft Shade anon o'er me doth steal  
And doth the sense of sadness quick repeal,  
I pray thee humbly do my joy sustain.

J. Hageman '29



## *A VOICE FROM THE HEART OF RUSSIA*

---

For what purpose are we as students compelled to make a survey of the literature of the world? To this question anyone of the accepted definitions of literature will give a convenient answer. To make clear my contention in this matter, I shall proceed to quote one of these definitions, and as it happens that I have at hand a book entitled "Philosophy of Literature," which has come from the pen of Brother Azarias, I shall give his wording of the matter as briefly as possible. In his rather valuable book the good Brother says, "Literature is the verbal expression of man's affections as acted upon in his relations with the material world, society, and his Creator." A little careful attention given to these words will permit any student to glean the information that the study of literature has a value ulterior to mere pleasure and that the most important factor in this study is the acquaintance it offers to the student with nations of lands other than his own.

The consequent freedom from provincialism and the broader outlook upon the activities of his fellow-men, particularly of those who live in distant lands, will put him in a position to gain a more thorough and comprehensive understanding of the unity of the great human family. The hopes and the aspirations, the trials and the triumphs of the peoples of the world will be laid open to him in a manner that no other means could do so well. The knowledge acquired in this way will put ignorance and prejudice, the two common causes of national enmity, to flight.

One of the countries that—at least for the

present—has a considerable claim on the attention of all students who make a survey of the literature of the world is Russia. Here we find a literature that records faithfully and truthfully all the human struggles, the social and political movements that obtain in that country. Very few writers of other lands have been nearly as willing as have been the Russian authors to dig down to the very bottom of the national life of which they represent a part. This fact makes Russian literature singularly interesting. The value of its study is exceeded only by the more agreeable idealism which holds so large a place in the literature of more advanced and more civilized countries. If instances in the realm of letters are sought to illustrate real intensive and unflagging application to the study of national conditions and problems, the Russian authors will supply these instances, and among them there is no writer, not even excepting Tolstoy, who can and does furnish the required instances better than does Feodor Dostoevsky.

When we permit our imagination to put together a picture of Dostoevsky from the fragments of his life as given by his biographers, we are treated to the sight of a man who is constitutionally neurotic and whose eyelids, lips, and facial muscles are twitching and jerking as if some invisible hand were mistaking his face for a string instrument and were trying to play a tune by keeping every part and fiber in motion. That a real tune was continuously playing in the soul of Dostoevsky is quite beyond doubt, and it was a tune, too, that had many harsh and jarringly discordant notes in it. The invisible hand was not playing it on the muscles of his face, but rather on his heart strings. No writer in the Russian group had so deep and so thorough a sympathy for the

sufferings of his fellow men as had this man who in reality was a queer mixture of sickness, sadness, meekness, and gentleness.

It was quite in accord with the temperament of Dostoevsky that he should shed tears when recalling to mind the distress and misery that were the unending burden under which his fellow Russians suffered, and that he should strive to bring this condition to public notice by writing "Poor People," a novel in the form of letters. But this work failed to produce the effect that he expected. His next step, taken, as he believed, for the betterment of his fellow citizens brought him into serious trouble. A sentence of death was actually pronounced upon him, and in due time he found himself standing in line with those who were to swing by the neck from the gallows. We can easily imagine how he as a neurotic and sickly man must have quailed under that indescribable yellow feeling which sends the "creeps" all over a person when he stands face to face with violent death. That in those terrible moments he did not lose every shred of talent for writing is really a wonder. But lose his native talent he did not, as later authorship amply proves. In the nick of time the Tsar reprieved him, even commuted the sentence, only to make him spend several years at forced and painful labor.

That a man should come out of a baptism of fire as did Dostoevsky and find himself essentially unchanged is little short of a miracle. His sympathy for his suffering fellowmen did not diminish, though during a period of time which was nothing better than a period of outright enslavement, he had received worse than cruel treatment at their hands. Whatever or religion was in him remained firm as



ever, even after that trying period, and so did the warmth and generosity of his heart. One inclination alone seems to have taken on a stronger turn after his sour experience in company with the mere dregs of humanity during his sojourn in Siberia, and that was his weird interest in that element of society which comprises the most degraded types of mankind. Certainly it appears to be little short of irony that nature should endow a man with the keenest sensibility for injustice and injury, and at the same time furnish him with an appetite for the company of repulsive people from whom he has nothing to expect outside of insult, disgrace, and trouble.

For a man of Dostoevsky's mood mere art was of little consequence. Life with its objective realities was his chief concern; the ideal world of the imagination he felt to be the proper sphere of writers in whose home land the bright rays of hope were visible and not like in his country where the gloomy clouds of social despair were forever obscuring the skies. His writings, therefore, are realistic in the sense that they are a delineation of life with all the grime, blood, and sweat of existence. Two of his works that offer the best illustration of his method are "Memoirs of the House of Death" and "Crime and Punishment." There is no visible attempt in these works to play the part of the literary artist. That he could have placed these works on a level with real art is sufficiently evident from his powerful diction and from the searching sweep of his imagination. But practical results were his supreme aim, and to achieve these results plain discussion was in order, as he clearly realized, and not the fineries of art.

The nature of the works here mentioned bears



witness to the fact that Dostoevsky loved erring humanity, and it was this love that made him do better than judge it—he pitied it. We can see his pity clearly when we take a look at his characters. There can be no doubt that if a picture gallery were made of Dostoevsky's characters and a similar gallery were prepared from the characters as drawn by the idealistically sedate George Eliot, and if then these two galleries were placed side by side, that the people in Dostoevsky's group would appear gnarled, squalid, unreal, or at least would look as abandoned and as unprepossessing as does a Bushman when placed by the side of a fashion-plate gentleman. But in spite of all defects, Dostoevsky loved his characters; he knew them to be real, and he sought their individual good with the untiring affection of a father of a family; George Eliot may have loved her characters, but she is quite content to tell what they did and how they comported themselves without making any systematic attempt to point out to them the road for personal improvement. Of course she did not have to do anything for her characters inasmuch as they are the mere creatures of her imagination, while those of Dostoevsky belong to the actual unkempt, patched-pants, no-shoes variety. That he loved them in spite of their general ugliness gives evidence of a deep, broad, human sympathy of which the world at large ought to possess a more generous supply.

To call Dostoevsky gloomy is not correct. He was sad with a sadness that arises from seeing his fellowmen in distress and suffering. His works like "The Brothers Karamazov" and "The Idiot" are the voice of a soul in pain that calls for relief from an unbearable condition. If only that condition could

be resolved into a lasting betterment, his sadness would vanish as he himself assures us in numerous passages of his writings. But death came to him before any relief for his sadness was even remotely in prospect.

That thousands of poverty-stricken Russians should sorrowfully follow the bier when the remains of Dostoevsky were carried to the tomb is no cause for wonder. They saw in him their one great champion and leader who did not fear to make his voice heard and to raise his hand against abuse, injustice, and oppression. To his credit it must be observed that he passed no judgment on any man because of his position, but that he wholly directed his efforts towards the betterment of an unwarranted and unbearable social condition.

Andrew Pollak '29

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Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after-life, with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams; and that the waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckoning.—W. E. Gladstone.

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Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

KING WINTER'S SPORT

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The crystal stream is frozen o'er,  
And gleams with lustrous sheen;  
Bare trees, all clothed in frosty hoar,  
Complete gay winter's scene.

The glassy ice invites us all  
To skate upon its face,  
For it delights to see us fall,  
With little pomp or grace.

The ice is fine; the weather's fair;  
So skating we shall go,  
Behind us leaving every care,  
For skaters know not woe.

We skate together, up and down,  
Then backwards, to and fro;  
We crack the whip, and spin around;  
It's lots of fun, you know.

So come out, boys; the skating's fine;  
And, oh, such crispy air!—  
You have no skates? I'll loan you mine;  
I have another pair.

So once again, come out and skate;  
Enjoy King Winter's arts.  
Don't tarry long; you'll be too late,  
For winter soon departs.

J. Willard Baechle, '30



# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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## EDITORIALS

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At the Turk's Head Tavern in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, there gathered once a week a brilliant company of men who styled themselves The Literary Club. Numbered among the members of this club were such men as Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, David Garrick, James Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was probably as his contribution to the sparkling conversation that flashed back and forth across the teacups—or more than likely across the mugs of ale—at these meetings that Joshua Reynolds said: “There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking.”

No matter what was the circumstance that evoked this remark from Sir Joshua, one can think

of any number of circumstances that might have evoked that remark from him had he been living today. The determination of letter writing is one of them. Averseness to thinking may be one of the reasons that letter writing has ceased to be the art it once was.

In relatively recent years, two writers of otherwise widely divergent views have bewailed the decline of letter writing. Agnes Repplier finds that letters written today hardly ever enjoy, or deserve to enjoy the admiration accorded to such letters as those written by Hugh Walpole, Madame de Sevigne, or Charles Lamb. Another, who had noted a marked weakening in quality of "the gentlest art" as now practiced, was the late Elbert Hubbard.

A strange paradox of the letter-writing situation is that letters sent out by students at institutions of learning are often the poorest specimens of the epistolary art to be found. Knowledge imparted as theory in English classes seldom is applied in practice. Again when theory is applied, it is done often in such an obvious manner that the product is a stilted bit of writing which lacks entirely the informal and charmingly personal note that a real letter should possess.

Ernest Dimnet in "The Art of Thinking" devotes a chapter to the subject of letter writing. He indicates that the ability to make a letter a piece of literature is not as far from the ordinary man's reach as one ordinarily would think. "A letter" says Abbe Dimnet, "gives us a unique chance of expressing ourself. We are at our best to express . . . the feelings immediately perceptible to our consciousness. This ought to result in absolute naturalness, which is literature."

There is a column in "The Collegian" of St.

Mary's College, California, conducted by the scholarly Brother Leo. The name of that column is "Outlooks and Insights" and that title suggests just what a letter should be. A letter should be a combination of the writer's outlook on men and the life about him with his own personal reactions to men and life—his insight into the men and the life about him.

In writing a letter it is well to recall the advice of Lord Chesterfield to his son. Lord Chesterfield in a letter to his son wrote in this fashion: "acquaint me sometimes with your studies; sometimes with your diversions; tell me of any new persons and characters that you meet with in company, and add your own observations upon them; in short, let me see more of you, in your letters."

That St. Joseph's College student who puts himself into his letters, who is personal, who vitalizes his correspondence with the spark of his own thoughts, will write letters that are worthy of a college man. Perhaps one day he will be able to say with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu "Keep my correspondence, it will be as good as Madame de Sevigne's forty years hence."

Such a premium is placed upon speed today that a final word of warning against a too speedy consignment of letters to their envelopes is necessary. He who writes a letter should read it over at least once. If so busy a man as St. Ignatius Loyola always read his letters six times before sending them to their respective destinations, a mere student should not find his time too circumscribed for one reading.

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There are many people in this world who believe that a teacher is more learned in the subject which he teaches than are his pupils. If, however, one of these people, on a day when the results of a quarterly



examination are posted, would stand amid a crowd of students before a bulletin board and listen to the various comments on the grades, he would be apt to conclude that the balance of knowledge rested with the pupils. He would hear students here and there asserting with vehemence that they are positively certain that their test papers, as well as their class work, were deserving of a higher rating than the ridiculously low mark which Professor Whoosis or Professor Dryasdust had given them. Hearing such talk as this, the disinterested onlooker would be tempted to remark to himself: "If teachers don't know a correct paper when they see one, or if they haven't the mental acumen to distinguish good class work from poor class work, then surely the teaching profession has fallen on evil days. The weaker intellects occupy the teachers' chairs, and the stronger intellects figuratively sit at their feet. This is indeed a strange system."

Only for a short time would be shaken the onlooker's faith in the mental supremacy of teachers. Once he had fraternized for some time with the grade-watchers, he would note that those who received low grades no doubt merited them. He would note also that if the teachers had failed in their estimates of a student's scholastic worth, the failure had been one in which charity too strongly tempered justice.

Why the student who howls about his grades and places the blame on all shoulders except his own is not as unpopular among his fellow students as is the poor loser in a basketball, baseball or football game is a question which is difficult to answer. Perhaps the grade-howler forms a larger species of the genus student than an optimist suspects. Although there may be no satisfactory answer to the question, somebody has suggested a cure for the student who bel-

lows "Fraud!" every time he fails to get as high a grade as he wants. The cure is very simple. For fifteen minutes every day, the howler must laugh heartily at himself. Laughter will effect more cures than those claimed by a patent-medicine vendor.

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## EXCHANGES

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Real life is full of real humor, and in fiction the nearer the approach to real life the more humorous and consequently the more enjoyable is the reading. This fact is brought out by THE WAG of Routt College in "The Gentleman Shopper," a humorous, realistic, and interesting story. The Wag possesses merits which are distinctly its own. Typographically it is neat, clean, and a pleasure to read; while its great variety of articles calls forth the admiration of the most fastidious reader.

THE TATTLER, Decatur, Indiana, proved to be a garden full of pleasant surprises. The poetry is simple and tender, the stories pleasing in tone, and the essays thoughtful and interesting. The most attractive feature, however, is the well balanced arrangement of the articles. We congratulate The Tattler on its first issue of this year, hoping to find the following ones of like standard.

We always hail with delight the advent of THE MARIAN, Columbus, Ohio. There are so many good things in The Marian that we are not quite certain what pleases us best. The first page of the Christmas Number was devoted to a beautiful poem, "Christmas." The verses move easily and the general effect is very pleasing. The Marian is well edited, and in every way calculated to interest and benefit its readers.

A happy variety of things literary came to us

last month through THE SIGMA, Spalding Institute, Peoria, Illinois. In the matter of arrangement and make-up, The Sigma cannot easily be surpassed. The articles stand out well, and are of the proper length and variety, and contain nothing but that which strictly belongs to the subject. Everything about the paper is clear and clean-cut. Evidently the manager is in close co-operation with the printer and knows what he wants.

Would that our vocabulary were sufficient to pass a just criticism on THE MARYMOUNT COLLEGE SUNFLOWER. This is a magazine of the highest quality; and it shows careful and expert management. The Sunflower has about itself a literary flavor that appeals not less to the casual than to the attentive reader. An asset to any college paper is an Exchange Department. This is an ably handled department in The Sunflower.

The monthly that always receives a hearty welcome is THE MIDGET HARBINGER. This little friend never fails to bring to us pleasure and inspiration. As a product of freshman work, The Harbinger ranks high. We notice from the last two numbers received that The Harbinger is still on the road of progress. May it continue.

Other recent exchanges which the Collegian gratefully acknowledges:

The Blue and White; St. Ann News; Warrior; Loyola News; Centric; Wendelette; H. C. C. Journal; Calvert News; Wilson Echo; St. Joseph's Gleaner; Periscope; Look-A-Head; Hour Glass; Dial; Field Afar; Burr; Bay Leaf; Sigma; Gavel; Vista; Rensselaerien; Chronicle; Purple and White; and The Campionette.



## *LIBRARY NOTES*

### MAGAZINES—CURRENT AND OLD

In last month's notes, we took you into our magazine department, gave you a little survey of periodical literature in general, and asked you to browse around among the magazines and to make some new acquaintances. In these notes we shall strive to answer a few questions that readily present themselves in regard to magazine selection and preservation.

"Why do we not subscribe to this or that good magazine?" The answer is that many noble projects for which the spirit is strong, are left undone for no reasons of lassitude of the flesh but of the pocket-book, an infirmity which is quite embarrassing at times; for which, however, there seems to be no immediate relief. Not to enter into statistics, the average cost of periodicals today is considered to be about 181 per cent of the cost in 1910; and everybody must admit that they were not being given away at that time.

To come back to periodicals that might be suggested for some reason or another, good, bad, or worse, Ayer's American Newspaper Annual for 1928 lists 22,128 periodicals regularly published at least quarterly in the United States and Canada. In the year 1925 the University of California subscribed to or received 11,179 periodicals and Yale 11,548; but these are record subscriptions not reached by all institutions of learning.

Then too, as to magazine selection, to substitutions and changes in subscription lists, magazines are to be considered not merely for their current, but also for their future use. This deferred use constitutes their permanent value, and makes them real

future assets, and, as such, more than justifies expenditure for magazines, which for their current use and value alone would be unreasonable. Needless to say, the highly colored, catchy, and more or less contagious magazines do not fall into this category. Magazines are constantly changing as to policy, standards, scope of contents, size, shape, quality of paper, and responsibility of publishers. Inconstancy of any kind means added expense, uncertainty and loss of time for reference, dead files, changes of covers, loss of space in shelves for bound volumes, and general annoyance. Stray numbers, or volumes, or parts of files, which mean about the same thing, are odd lots; as odd persons, they will always require an added amount of attention, and give very little satisfaction at best; unless specially card-cataloged, which again requires time, labor, and expense, they will be worse than useless.

Magazine selection, then, must be made with a view in mind towards satisfactions that most persons are not aware of. Would it interest you to learn that of the twenty magazines that were referred to most frequently, according to a tabulation made in the reference department of the Chicago Public Library, our library not only subscribes to every one of the twenty magazines that were referred to most frequently, but in most cases has complete files of the magazines?

As to the question of taking magazines from the library, most libraries in their effort to stimulate the use of books and magazines in every possible way, go a long distance to serve the convenience of their patrons. Service is the motto of libraries, and in most instances you may go a long way and come back to the library before you find another institution that without extra charges, and fees, and expectations of



rewards of any kind, will be as eager to serve you as American libraries, public or private. With the one idea of service in mind, many of the old rules and regulations have been changed, and everything that savors of formality, red tape, or unnecessary mechanism of any kind has been set aside, and newer and better methods devised. Efficiency, convenience to the patron, and greater service are the only norm. But one man's convenience is not the only factor that must be consulted. If to convenience him, six other persons, or even one, who might want the same volume must be inconvenienced, the argument of convenience no longer holds. Even, if at times nobody would be seriously handicapped, the rule might still be a very good one; for, assuming the odious task of judging into the merits and conditions of certain cases, libraries would soon lay themselves open to the accusation of discrimination, and frustrate the good work that they are trying to do.

Another reason that bound magazines are not generally loaned out is their great value. The little added convenience to one or another patron does not justify the useless wear and tear, such as the exposure to damage consequent upon every long distance handling. It is a sad fact that most books get more wear and tear from unnecessary, not to say careless, handling than they do from actual use. Books can in most cases be replaced; volumes of old magazines cannot. As the dog Schneider of record fame, when they die, they are dead.

Many of the best magazines, from a reference and research standpoint, are published in small editions which soon become scarce and expensive. In many cases, if they can be duplicated at all, it will be at nothing near their original cost. An example of this would be the first three volumes of the American



Nation, 1865-1866, which already some years ago were quoted at forty-five dollars, though the numbers constituting them originally sold for \$4.50. Our library is fortunate in having not only the first three volumes, but the complete files to the present issue. Price a complete set of North American Reviews, if you ever find one, and see if it is easy to replace old magazines.

Do you know that our library has a complete file of Harper's Magazine from Volume 1, June 1850, to Volume 159, February 1929? In this magazine, if you will or will not remember, appeared serial stories by such writers as Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Bulwer-Lytton, and Charles Lever, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Richard Blackmore and Justin McCarthy, not to mention a host of others.

Another one of our complete sets to which we might call your attention is the Atlantic Monthly, which had already spent several years of its childhood before the great racket between the North and South grew to very alarming proportions. In these files you find original contributions by Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher and other notable American writers.

The very month that saw the close of the Civil War, April, 1865, brought with it the first number of the Catholic World. While contributions to its first volumes were mostly translations and transcriptions from European religious magazines, it soon became strong enough to depend upon an editorial staff of its own. Of the numbers that have rolled off the press in unbroken issue, numbers respected alike by Catholic, and non-Catholic, our library is fortunate enough to have every last one, except October 1899. Ten years of effort have brought all the numbers but the

one mentioned. If you ever run across a copy and can get it for us in an honorable way, we certainly shall be indebted to you for the service.

Speaking of transcriptions from other magazines, we have Littell's Living Age, which sent out its initial number in May 1844. Its purpose was to give American readers the benefit of the more worthwhile articles of the British magazines, such as, The Quarterly Review, Blackwood's Magazine, London Magazine, Edinburgh Review, Dublin University Review, Hood's Magazine, Gentleman's Magazine, Athenaeum, and Chamber's Journal. Since the date of its inception, it has come out regularly every week (giving four substantial volumes a year) until quite recently, when it began to be a semi-monthly, and in October 1928 changed size, appearance and policy to imitate the other magazines that are in for advertising, picture display, and splash. Of the files of 335 volumes of this magazine our library has all numbers except those of a period between 1893 and 1910. The 263 volumes constitute an invaluable source of reference, but even that one break in the files is a very serious drawback for ready and sure reference.

Other files, complete or nearly so, possessed by our library are: America, Ave Maria, Bookman, Brownson's Quarterly, Catholic Educational Association Bulletin, Catholic Educational Review, Catholic Quarterly Review, Catholic Historical Review, Current History, Dublin Review, Educational Review, Ecclesiastical Review, United States Agriculture Bulletins, Forum, Independent, Literary Digest, McClure's Magazine, Month, National Geographic, New Republic, Popular Science, Popular Science Monthly, Preuss' Fortnightly, Reference Shelf, Readers' Guide, Review of Reviews, Scientific American, Scientific American Supplement, Scribner's, World's Work.



## *SOCIETIES*

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### **COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY**

Paul Knapke will be the helmsman of the Columbian Literary Society during the second semester of the school year. This was the decision made by the society when it convened on Sunday morning, January 20, for the semi-annual business of electing officers. The office of vice president fell to Michael Walz. Charles Johns was chosen secretary of the society and Roland Flinn treasurer. In a keenly contested race for the office of critic Cornelius Flynn was proclaimed the victor. Henry Alig, Louis Huffman, and Andrew Pollak were selected to constitute the executive committee while Joseph Herod received the office of marshal by appointment of the Rev. Moderator.

The installation of these new officers took place on Saturday evening, February 2. Henry Alig, the outgoing president, gave an interesting talk before handing his duties over to Paul Knapke. The new president by his acceptance speech made the society confident that he would make a success of his term of office. A timely speech by the critic, Cornelius Flynn, added to the interest of the meeting.

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### **NEWMAN CLUB**

The Newman Club was the first of the local societies to hold its elections for the second semester. On Sunday morning, January 13, the Newmans chose Ralph Boker to hold the office of president of the society. Francis Kienly was proclaimed vice president, and Joseph Sheeran was chosen to fulfill the arduous duties of secretary. Francis Bishop was elected treasurer. Because of his praiseworthy work in expression and in the Newman play, Joseph Gibson



was selected to carry out the important work of critic. The duties of the executive committee will be performed by Rouleau Joubert, James Elliott, and Lawrence Grothause. The Rev. Moderator appointed Urban Roswog as marshal.

A meeting characterized by timely talks given by the outgoing officers and also by the new officers was held Sunday, January 27. When the officers had finished speaking, the Rev. Moderator favored the assembly with his usual spirited plea that the members of the society co-operate with the new staff of officers in making this year the best year that the Newman Club has experienced.

If the Newman Club makes the same progress during the second semester as that which characterized its work of the first semester, it will be a credit to the officers and to the society in general. The three-act play presented by the Newmanites last December was the only public appearance that the society has made thus far, but it represented the society well enough to make the students watch anxiously its work in the future.

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### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Although the Dwenger Mission Unit has held no meetings since the Christmas holidays due to the fact that the auditorium is being frescoed, the society nevertheless, has not been inactive. The executive board has held several private meetings at which various plans for the good of the society were discussed. The rules for the essay contest were also formulated. The publicity committee has been busy attempting to enroll in the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade several Catholic grammar schools. The committee has corresponded also with the mission units which the Dwenger Mission Unit organized last year

at Remington and Rensselaer. The accumulation of a number of books to be sent to a public institution in a nearby state where they will be greatly appreciated is another task in which the society is engaged. The Dwengerites were pleased to note that a recent issue of "The Shield" made mention of the activities of the society. This shows that the Dwenger Mission Unit is of interest not merely locally, but also in the eyes of prominent members of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

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### RALEIGH CLUB

The long anticipated Raleigh Club raffle was held Sunday evening, January 13, on the Gymnasium floor. "Shorty" Mallifski carried away the heavy booty of the evening—the much coveted basketball, and "Frenchy" Joubert was high-point man of the affair with two of the smaller prizes to his credit. The raffle proved to be quite a success for the Raleigh Club, and now the Rev. Moderator and the officers of the society are considering the purchase of a new set of chairs for the club-room.

With the exception of the raffle, the activities of the Raleigh Club since the holidays have been limited. Although the mid-year elections of the smokers are usually held shortly after the January exams, the Collegian goes to press before the results of the elections will be known.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

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Have you, who may happen to be glancing over this column, ever heard of Contardo Ferrini, whom Pope Benedict XV called "Saint in a Frock Coat?" If not, then be sure to read an article in "America" of January 19, contributed by an alumnus of St.



Joseph's, namely, Father Edwin T. Kaiser, C. PP. S., S. T. D. "A saint for men especially fitted for our own time and condition," is but one of the many interesting points brought out by Father Kaiser in his excellent appreciation of this holy man.

To see Father Maximilian Walz in the halls of St. Joseph's is always a real treat. The members of the Collegian staff had a particular interest in Father Walz's recent visit to the College due to the fact that it was he who was the founder and first faculty director of the Collegian away back in 1895. The members of the staff take this occasion to express their thanks to Father Walz for the persistent efforts he made to give St. Joseph's a publication that is both interesting and of very great benefit to the students. Many more years of good health, happiness, and success are our best wishes to Father Walz. He may be assured that St. Joseph's will always be pleased to have a visit from him.

Several articles of merit written by a St. Joseph's alumnus, Mr. Joseph Bechtold, have appeared in various publications. We would be very much pleased if Mr. Bechtold would give us information as to the magazines in which the articles appeared. At any time in the future, Mr. Bechtold, when you have an article for publication be sure to let us know of it. We are more than anxious to make note of it in this column.

The Journal of Chemical Education, December, 1925, contains an article entitled "A Unique Laboratory." Here again we are surprised and delighted to note that the article is a contribution from an alumnus, no less a person than Francis J. "Ruby" Fleming. A perusal of the article by one acquainted with the subject treated will convince the reader that "Ruby" knows whereof he speaks. Incidentally,



this same article won a student's contribution contest which closed on November 15, 1928. The award entailed a monetary consideration. One of Mr. Fleming's former professors recently characterized him as a "student with a brilliant career ahead of him." We hope to see the fulfillment of this prediction.

Nothing is so dear to the heart of the average individual as the happy recollection of things now past. A visit to one's Alma Mater, the meeting of old friends, former classmates and professors, the recounting of youthful escapades, triumphs, and disappointments are particularly delightful experiences. An opportunity is offered to you, Alumni of St. Joseph's, to realize such an experience as that outlined. Whenever occasion offers you a chance, pack up your little grip and take the nearest route to St. Joseph's. Be assured that a very pleasant visit is in store for you. Friendly chats concerning interesting incidents of former days are just the things that make a visit from Alumni members particularly interesting and pleasant. If unfortunately you should find it impossible to pay us a visit, then you are cordially invited to let the Alumni Notes Editor hear from you by letter.

By the time the March issue of the Collegian is ready to go to press the writer of "Alumni Notes" expects to have some interesting news for the Alumni concerning certain improvements now going on at St. Joseph's.

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Success lies, not in achieving what you aim at, but in aiming at what you ought to achieve, and pressing forward, sure of achievement here, or if not here, hereafter.—R. F. Horton.

## LOCALS

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Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Justin Henkel, C. PP. S., Oshkosh, Wis.; The Rev. James Fitzgerald, Oxford, Ind.; The Rev. Albert Gerhardstein, C. PP. S., Holdredge, Neb.; The Rev. Lionel Pire, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Joseph Hiller, C. PP. C., Burkettsville, O.; The Rev. Maximilian Walz, C. PP. S., Rome City, Ind.

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Despite the rumor of havoc being wrought by Old Man Flu, school reopened at St. Joseph's on January 8th with an almost 100 per cent. attendance. Without any delay studies were entered upon with vim. The usual after-holiday effects were very little in evidence. Everybody seemed to have had enough of merriment and relaxation and to be glad to get back to the classroom again.

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Someone has said that this section of the country in which St. Joseph's happens to be located is blessed with a more variable climate than can be found anywhere in all the United States, or for that matter in all the world. Living for four years at St. Joseph's is enough to convince anyone, and it certainly has convinced the writer of these notes, that there is some truth in that statement, but like in all generalities there is also a good share of bunk in this broad assertion. January, of course, has almost every other month beat in variableness of weather, and it looks for the world like if this particular month has the first prize cinched for hoodooing the thermometer. There are, however, a number of redeeming features in this sorry situation. For example, anyone who has not seen St. Joseph's front yard under a blanket of



snow has, indeed, missed a sight that is thoroughly worth while. Not even second to its summer-holiday attire is the beauty of St. Joseph's winter habiliments.

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Forty Hours Devotion opened at St. Joseph's with the celebration of a Solemn High Mass, procession and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, Sunday morning, February 3. In the afternoon, devotions and Benediction were held. Vespers were sung in the evening. On Monday morning Solemn High Mass was again celebrated, followed in the afternoon by devotions and Benediction. Tuesday morning witnessed the closing of Forty Hours with the celebration of Solemn High Mass, procession with the Most Blessed Sacrament and reposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

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"It is an ill wind that blows no one good." So it is that in spite of a copious rainfall with all its attendant disagreeableness, a great deal more of ice-skating was possible this year than in any other year in the memory of the writer. With the aid of a friendly wind that came down from the North to freeze the water, our lake was often recoated with new layers of ice, which, in turn, provided us with many an hour or half hour of sport.

For some time there was a considerable patch of ice covering the main campus. Quite a number of intrepid skaters availed themselves of the opportunity to go skating on this ice, which in area exceeded the size of the lake. By dint of skillful maneuverings, a stretch from the road which passes the faculty building almost to the grand stand at the Northern part of the campus could be negotiated.



The end of the month of January always allows the semi-annual examinations to loom ominously on the horizon. Judging from the preparations that are in progress about that time a great battle is just in the offing. Everybody is busy laying in huge stores of Latin, Greek, History, Religion, Chemistry, Mathematics, Expression and what not in order to have every kind of weapon at hand for parrying the severest blows that may be directed at him. But February 4th saw the end of the battle. For most of the local students it was an affair of "veni, vidi, vici" for others a matter of "veni, vidi, prolapsus sum."

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In response to a special request, "Bart" Striker and his well-known quartet agreed to display their singing and orchestral ability at a recent banquet given at the new Armory, in Rensselaer, Ind., under the auspices of the Farmers' Educational Bureau of Purdue University. For two hours "Bart" and his boys entertained the gathering of some 350 persons in a manner that earned their applause and hearty commendation. Songs, music and a darky farce comprised most of the program. Mr. Striker's piano playing was the source of much favorable comment. A solo, "Sonny Boy," sung by Dick Smith, took the house by storm. The success of this occasion will no doubt be long remembered by those present at the banquet, with considerable favorable reflection, not only upon Rensselaer, but also upon St. Joseph's College. James Conroy, Fred Cardinali, Richard Smith and Bart Striker comprise the quartet. James Maloney and Donald DeMars assisted in the orchestra.

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Exclusiveness is a characteristic of recent riches, high society, and the skunk.—Austin O'Malley.

### HONOR ROLL

Sixths: Othmar Missler, 97 2-7; Andrew Pollak, 96 6-7; Paul Knapke, 96 2-7; Michael Walz, 95 6-7; Joseph Schill, 94 4-7.

Fifths: John Kraus, 96; Walter Junk, 94 4-7; Marcellus Dreiling, 94 2-7; Spalding Miles, 92 1-8; John Baechle, 90 6-7; Thomas Durkin, 90 6-7.

Fourth: Ralph Boker, 95 1-4; Joseph Shaw, 91 3-8; Thomas Clayton, 92 1-2; Bela Szemetko, 92; Stephen Tatar, 91 1-4.

Thirds: Charles Maloney, 97 5-6; Maurice Meyers, 96 6-7; Herman Schnurr, 96 5-6; Joseph Otte, 96 4-7; Vergil Siebeneck, 96.

Seconds: William Egolf, 97 1-5; Norbert Missler, 96 2-3; Raymond Leonard, 96 1-5; Victor Boarman, 95 3-5; Herbert Kenney, 91 2-3.

Firsts: William McKune, 98 1-5; Joseph Allgeier, 98; Chester Bowling, 98; Charles Scheidler, 95 4-5; Henry Miller 95 3-5; Alfred Horrigan, 92 2-7.

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### ATHLETICS

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#### COLLEGE 31, HIGH SCHOOL 22

Goaded on by the staccato cheers and deafening yells of Dutchy Neumeyer's and Frenchy Joubert's frantic rooters, the College and High School basketball teams on January 19 played one of the best games of the season. As the swelling and stirring notes of the band issued forth, all the spectators caught the infection and were put in a state of good-natured frenzy before the game started. The atmosphere fairly bristled with antagonism as the south gallery retorted to the witty sallies of its opponents, or as the more or less friendly banter flew back and forth in rapid crossfire. The referee's whistle, signaling

the opening of the game, served only to enhance the rivalry.

From the first tap of the ball, the College team started in tornado fashion and swamped its rivals under a barrage of field goals to amass a comfortable lead. Despite the superb guarding of Herod and Anzinger, the High School team was able to break through for several crisp shots. At half-time, the Collegians were leading 18 to 9.

During the second half, the High School aggregation perked up; by checking the scoring propensities of their elders and by some uncanny goal shooting on their own account, they came nigh tying the score. Going into the final lap, the College put on a dazzling spurt and sewed up the game. Schill with twelve, and B. Dreiling with nine points to their credit captured the scoring honors for the evening; while Ryan of the College outfit, and Jim Maloney of the High School were the best all-around players of the game. Lineup:

College	Position	High School
Ryan (7)	RF.	Bartlett (1)
Grot (2)	LF.	Cross
Schill (12)	C.	Stricker
Anzinger (4)	RG.	J. Maloney (3)
Herod	LG.	Tatar

Substitutions: College: Barge; Linenberger (6); High School: B. Dreiling (9); Cardinali (3); Conroy (6); Mayer. Referee, Corcoran; Umpire, Toth.

### SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	4	0	1.000
Fourths -----	3	1	.750
Seconds -----	2	2	.500
Fifths -----	1	3	.250
Thirds -----	0	4	.000



### FIFTHS 25, THIRDS 16

The determined Fifths trotted on the hardwood intent upon winning their first game. The Thirds were equally determined to annex their first triumph and the result was that the spectators witnessed a scrappy, skillful performance of basketball. Led by the brilliant shooting of Greenwall, Parlon, and Conroy, the Thirds fought stubbornly to keep the game on even terms; but they could not overcome the overwhelming lead that the Fifths had piled up. Nearly every man on the Fifths found the hoop at least once, and all played a fine defensive game in the pinches. Gillig and Mathieu led the attack, having scored nearly half of their team's points.

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### SIXTHS 21, FOURTHS 9

All Collegeville was astir when the undefeated Sixths met the equally undefeated Fourths in a tussle that was to decide the leadership of the senior circuit. The offensive power of the Seniors appeared somewhat weakened in the first quarter due to the absence of Charlie Spalding, their scoring ace, who will be out for the remainder of the season because of a surgical operation. Whatever was lacking in offensive power was offset by the fine guarding of Big Hands Anzinger and Barge. The score at the end of the first quarter stood at four all, but in the second quarter Ryan and his teammates patterned eleven markers which gave them a large enough margin to insure victory.

Going into the second half with the score 15 to 5, both teams played a strong defensive game. They played, however, a little too overzealously, for no less than ten fouls were committed in this part of the fray. Throughout the whole game the offensive power of the Fourths was nullified by frequent

fumbles and inability to find the lace with any degree of accuracy. Schill and Linenberger shared scoring honors for the winners, while Jim Maloney and Sheeran were the leading point getters for the losers.

---

### **SECONDS 24, FIFTHS 20**

On January 21 the south basket was a hoodoo for both the Fifths and the Seconds, for a total of only four points rolled through its meshes. The Seconds, however, found the north basket for enough scores to achieve the season's most startling upset by defeating the Fifths, 24 to 20. After starting in whirlwind fashion, the Seconds continued to flash brilliantly until the whistle at half-time cut short their rampage. At the half they enjoyed an overwhelming 22 to 2 lead. All these tactics were reversed when the second lap began. The Fifths, still fighting, slashed their way through the Sophomore defense and flipped in eighteen points. Meanwhile the Seconds, although they peppered the hoop with numerous long shots could tally only one field goal. Garza was high scorer with twelve markers; Bartlett and Toth with four markers apiece were also important cogs in the Seconds' offense. Grot, Herod, and Moore accounted for the Fifths' scores.

---

### **SIXTHS 17, THIRDS 10**

With the hope of breaking a string of three straight losses, the Thirds met the pacemaking Sixths. Not until the last five minutes of play—the most colorful of the entire battle—did the Seniors foil the Thirds' desperate bid for victory. After they had taken the Thirds' dust for the greater part of the game, the Sixths came to life in the waning minutes of the fray, repelled the attack of Captain Conroy's outfit, and started an attack of their own. During



the last five minutes, Johnny Ryan's boys garnered nine points and victory. Hartke, playing his first Senior League game, exhibited fine form and contributed four points to the cause of the Sixth Year team. For the Thirds, Al Mayer, C. Maloney, and Jim Conroy were the big threats. During the preliminary limbering-up exercises, Corcoran and Babin, who alternated at forward for the Sixths during the first half, had the honor of introducing sweatpants to the basketball-loving public of Collegeville. The appearance of the two forwards in their new basketball toggery was the signal for a tremendous demonstration from the gallery.

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### ACADEMIC LEAGUE

#### FIFTHS 25, SECONDS 12

The Fifths, with E. Schmit and Roster hitting the bucket with great consistency, opened this year's Academic League schedule by bagging their first game. The Seconds could not keep up with the fast working Fifths and bowed in defeat. F. Owens and Follmar were nearly the whole works for the Seconds, however, they had an able assistant in burly Buzz Besanceney.

---

#### THIRDS 7, SIXTHS 6

The Sixths and the High School Juniors opened their basketball warfare with a hotly contested game that featured football tactics rather than the finesse of basketball. The spectacular dribbling of Pollak was one of the features of the game. Knapke and Walz played aggressively for the Sixths. The impenetrable defense put up by Wirtz and DeMars, in conjunction with the six points scored by I. Vichuras, was the most potent factor in the success of the Thirds.



### FOURTHS 15, SECONDS 9

Judging from their snappy play in their first game, the Fourths' Acs are trying hard to run true to tradition. It has become almost traditional for every Academic League basketball pennant to go to the Fourths. In their debut, the Fourths plowed past the defense of the Sophomores and annexed an early lead which carried them to a 15 to 9 victory. The Fourths broke through to win mainly through the sensational goal-caging of Manager Kern. In this game, all the reserves of the winners took part in the combat. Kirchner and Krieter were the luminaries for the Seconds; for the Fourths, Sanger and Jasinski showed up well.

---

### JUNIOR LEAGUE

#### LITTLE GIANTS 17, FLYING QUINTET 15

On January 22, the Junior League lid finally popped off the kettle and the pennant pot will continue to simmer till the final whistle will give the spoils to the victors. Kelly's Giant Dwarfs handed a lacing to Scheidler's Flying Quintet, when Captain Shaw and Sondgeroth in a colorful overtime period added three points to break a tie. Mitchell did the Stretch-Murphy act quite gracefully, collecting a total of five points. Parr and Schuman were the stars for the losing side.

---

#### HAWKS 9, TITANS 8

The Hawks invaded the camp of the Titans and despoiled them of an almost certain victory. After Gollner had given his team a three-point lead, Clayton and Captain Reino came along to snatch the game away by scoring a field goal and a charity toss in the last thirty seconds of the skirmish. Not only the dazzling floor-work of Grothouse but also the Big

Bertha boom of "Bertha" Voorde, who registered four points after several times heaving the ball into the gallery, thrilled the spectators.

---

### SPARTANS 11, FLYING QUINTET 8

Captain Schuman's five made a valiant attempt to break into the win column, only to be repelled by the plucky Spartans who hung together until their opponents were defeated, 11 to 8. The losers did not make a field goal until they rallied in the second half. Their belated rally was cut short by the guarding of Gus Gengler. Leonard and Scheidler of the losers were a continual menace to the Spartans.

---

### HAWKS 20, LITTLE GIANTS 17

Puetz's Hawks pounced upon the Little Giants, and crept another step closer to the championship by virtue of their 20 to 17 victory. Even though the winners held the lead throughout the tilt, it was never safe until the final whistle. The game was unusually good for Junior League basketeters. Mitchell and Sondgeroth were the star players for the losers, and Manager Tony Reino and his teammate Grothouse were the luminaries for the pacemakers.

---

### MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sharpshooters -----	3	0	1.000
Ramblers -----	3	1	.750
Shamrocks -----	2	2	.500
Scots -----	1	2	.333
Bruins -----	0	4	.000

The scores of Midget League games not carried in the detailed writeups are as follows: Ramblers 23, Scots 6; Sharpshooters 25, Shamrocks 13; Ramblers 26, Bruins 12.



**SHAMROCKS 24, SCOTS 17**

Retaliating with three points every time the Scots tallied two, the Shamrocks with Nardeccia and Lange making beautiful angle shots were able to score their first victory by a score of 24 to 17. Interest was never lagging as Jerry Cook and Mike Vichuras were constantly feeding the meshes to keep the game on an even footing. Moore and Ritter of the Shamrocks, together with Horrigan of the Scots, put up fine defensive games.

---

**SHARPSHOOTERS 24, RAMBLERS 14**

With Forsee and Bill McKune furnishing the fireworks, the Sharpshooters cemented their hold on first place by dislodging their closest rivals on Sunday evening, January 27. In the 24 to 14 win of the Sharpshooters over the Ramblers, the galleries were treated to the most exciting game of the Midget League season. The Ramblers played doggedly, especially during the final period; but their efforts fell short. Burnell, Snyder and Naughton struggled gamely for the losers; Pank Elder and Joey Maloney displayed a nice line of basketball wares when closely pressed.

---

**SHAMROCKS 21, BRUINS 17**

The pen-pushing exercises of the examinations evidently did not deaden the guns of Lange and Nardeccia. These two lads gathered nineteen points to lead their team's 21 to 17 assault on the slipping Bruins. The Shamrocks piled up an apparently safe lead in the first half and thereafter coasted along listlessly until almost the close of the second quarter. Things became a little alarming when Harris and Lefko of the Bruins sank five field goals in succession. The second string guards of the Bruins, who took the



floor because of injuries to Owens and because of the absence of Bosler on official business, wilted under the counter-attack of the Shamrocks. Welsh and Egolf of the Bruins showed up well in this game, as did Ritter of the Shamrocks.

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### *FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE*

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Chicago's Golden Rule of Health:—Shoot at others as they shoot you; and shoot first.

---

An aviator had the misfortune to crash his plane on a housetop. The wreck penetrated to the dark basement below, and as the pilot slowly crawled from the debris, he dazedly asked, "Where am I?" A voice came back from the darkness, "You're in my cellar, an' I'm watching every move ya make!"

---

Flynn was half-through shaving the other day when he discovered that he forgot to put a blade in the "darn thing."

---

It was the morning after the night before, and as Rollie sat on the edge of his bed, holding his throbbing head in his hands, Fluff, the cat, walked stealthily across the room. Jumping up, Rollie shouted as he flung kitty into the waste basket, "For heaven's sake, cat, quit stomping your feet on that rug!"

---

"You needn't bother with that last roll of stuff," said the dissatisfied shopper. "I'm only waiting for a friend anyway." "But Madame," politely responded the exasperated clerk, "if you really thing she's hiding in that last bolt of material, I'll gladly take it down for you."

### HOW TO CHOOSE A BUILDING SITE

Where the Magazine car crosses State Street  
Was a drugstore neat, though small,  
And its stock of drugs in days gone by  
Is not worth recording at all.

Then a car from Ferret Street, passing one day,  
Decided to leave the track.——  
There were bottles strewn all over the place,  
(Some dry for twenty years back.)

But now the shelves are crowded with drugs,  
(Replaced by the Traction's kale)  
And the Car Company has also invested some coin  
In a section of reinforced rail.

F. M.

———  
—The party was just warmin' up, when Dick got  
peeved, 'cause he couldn't get a tune out of a stove  
lid he put on the "Heatrola."——  
———

"What, did you say it took a whole week to put  
up a buildin' only five stories high?" exclaimed Andy.  
"Why, I remember once back in my town, I was  
goin' to work about six o'clock in the mornin', and  
passed the spot where they were surveyin' for a ten-  
story apartment house. I went by again about five  
p. m. the same day, and what d'ya think they were  
doin'?—Why, they were throwin' the tenants out  
already, for not payin' their rent.

———  
Chief—Say you birds, why wasn't One Eye Soupy  
elected?

Gangsters—Aw, Chief, we couldn't help it; both  
our machine guns jammed.

### HIC JACET MICHAEL

Here lies the body of Michael O'Raine,  
An editor worthy of no little fame.  
Mike's handled stories of robbery and crime,  
Of murders foul, and speeches fine.  
But the shock he received the other day,  
From a report that came in, just laid Mike away.  
A reporter phoned Mike, and I'll give you the gist  
Of the news he sent in—went something like this:  
A Scotchman, it said, named Sandy McRue,  
Was arrested for feeding the beasts at the Zoo.  
F. M.

---

While out walking last summer, our friend Gus met a Kentucky negro on the road. The darky had a heavy sack slung over his shoulder, and bestrode an old, broken-down, grey mule. Gus asked, "Why doncha hang th' sack in front of you, Rastus?" "Lawd chile," said Rastus, "Ain't dat pore ole mule got enuff tuh carry me, widout holdin' up dis sack, too?"

---

### VOX NOK

While perusing a pile of exchanges the other day, we came across the following statement in "The Chronicle:" "Your (The Collegian's) literary department is excellent—. But where are your jokes?" We really couldn't get hot and bothered at that, 'cause we thought it was pretty good ourselves; and, believe it or not, "The Chronicle" has one or two good ones every issue.

---

This is your fourth daughter that is getting married, isn't it, Mr. McTight?

Yes, an' it's a guid thing she's the last; our confetti is beginning to get a wee bit gritty.



## A SLAM AT LUCK

Tell me not in words so gayly  
'Xams are naught but empty names,  
That the one who studies daily,  
Has no periodic pains.

'Xams are real; don't try t' kid me,  
For I've always found it true,  
That the bird who studies daily  
Plugs the hardest when they're due.

Let us then be up and doing,  
(With a heart for any fate)  
For it's but a gamble, choosing  
Just the page you must translate.

F. M.

---

Bobby—Hey, Muzz, I got a surprise for you.

Mother—What is it, dear?

Bobby—I just swallowed a tack.

---

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"LEATHERNECK"

---

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Geo. Bancroft in  
"THE WOLF OF WALL STREET"

---

Wednesday and Thursday, March 13-14

Emil Jannings in  
"SINS OF THE FATHERS"

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